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Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Those Borrowing Joneses.

(The Rev. Charles T. White, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Mother wants to know if you'd please let 'er have four fresh eggs and a nutmeg-grater.' The questioner was small, with a soiled red calico frock and untidy hair. The hair was red, too, unmistakably red, though not at all the color of the frock. The voice was thin and piping, with the shy undertone of a bashful child speaking to strangers.

A giggle came from the pantry, where Louise was kneading bread. Beth's face showed signs of suppressed amusement as she followed the direction of the giggle.

'Number six since we opened for business this morning,' announced Beth, the suppressed smile breaking loose while she rattled the household tinware behind the pantry door.

'And each new want has a fresh messenger,' rejoined Louise. 'They must send them out just as fast as they get up. The boys are the early risers in the Jones family, evidently. It's hopeful there aren't many more.'

'The supply can't possibly hold out,' Beth said tartly. 'We haven't an egg in the house, thank fortune; father carried them all to town an hour ago, and we're not supposed to have heard the hens cackling madly in the interval. Mrs. Jones will have to put up with the nutmeg-grater this trip, I fear.'

The little girl took the serviceable utensil in her hand a trifle reluctantly, Beth thought, as she explained the present scarcity in eggs in a tone of regret which brought another audible giggle from the pantry.

'It was bread first. Mother sent a whole loaf,' Louise began the enumeration, coming out to watch the red frock bobbing its way down the road.

'And butter,' Beth added. 'That was the boy with the horrid warts on his fingers. Ugh! Butter is actually thirty cents a pound in Cressly.'

'Milk and sugar followed—three and four,' laughed Louise. 'It's really too funny for anything. Our domestic arrangements will be hopelessly demoralized if this keeps up.'

'A drawing of tea and a nutmeg-grater,' put in Beth, following the subject in hand, and quietly ignoring the predicted disaster. 'That makes six, and it isn't ten o'clock. There's time for unlimited depredations before sundown. Potatoes, stove-wood, apples, flavoring extracts—why, there are numberless things they haven't borrowed yet. I tell you they've only just begun.'

Louise laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and she tried to brush them away with her doughy hands, leaving little befloured patches on her pretty pink cheeks. The Joneses had moved into the Barbour tenement house the Wednesday before. This was Friday, and the newcomers' insatiable propensity for borrowing had furnished the Pearsall girls no end of amusement in the interval. That very morning, before the first messenger arrived, Beth had called to her mother upstairs.

'Mamma, shall I lend Mrs. Jones the pancake-griddle after I'm through with it?'

And Louise, bringing up the rear, had mimicked Mary Ellen's squeaky treble; 'Mother wants to know if you can "please" let 'er have some lard to grease the griddle, and some buckwheat flour to make flapjacks to fry on it.'

'They're poor people, I presume,' said Mrs. Pearsall charitably, 'who don't have very much——'

'But they "will," mamma dear,' interrupted Beth with a mock tragic air, 'They'll have it "all," and we shall be the poor people in

'MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'D PLEASE LET 'ER HAVE FOUR FRESH EGGS AND A NUTMEG-GRATER.'

due time, if we keep on lending at this rate. I should say we ought to stop just as soon as we hear the wolf scratching at the door real hard.'

'Our new neighbor's wife was chopping wood as I came along by,' said Mr. Pearsall when the family were seated at the dinner-table that same day. 'It always seems hard to see a woman doing that kind of rough work, but I suppose they have to do as they can. People say that Jones is a shiftless coot, and spends most of his time lounging about the tavern.'

'Why don't they borrow?' questioned Beth, smoothing her wrinkled lips into gravity, while Louise choked on an unoffending bite of mashed potato, and coughed behind her hand. 'I'll tell Mary Ellen when she brings back the nutmeg-grater that papa has a whole shedful of the nicest dry wood, sawed and split, that he's just dying to lend to somebody.'

The general laugh which followed cut short Mr. Pearsall's further comments; but Beth, looking up, thought she saw a mild reproof in her mother's eyes.

Beth was alone in the kitchen the following afternoon, when Mary Ellen put in a timid appearance at the back door. Mary Ellen stood a little in awe of Beth's tall young ladyhood and voluble flow of speech; and Beth was more awesome than usual just now, for she had burned the sponge-cake to a black crisp,—the very last item of the Saturday's baking,—and her mother and Louise had gone to Cressly to meet Aunt Harriet, who was coming on the five-thirty train.

'Mother wants to know if you could please let 'er have another loaf of bread until——' Mary Ellen had begun in her halting, childish monotone; but something in Beth's face checked her, and she dropped her eyes, putting a stubby thumb into the corner of her mouth.

'We haven't any bread to lend,' Beth said decidedly. 'We have little enough for ourselves over Sunday, and we're expecting company. Hasn't your mother baked yet?'

Mary Ellen's peaked, freckly face flushed up to the roots of her red hair as she sidled toward the door without answering. Something inside stung Beth the least bit, as her eye followed the limp little figure down the plank walk to the gate.

'It might just as well stop one time as another,' she muttered, still remembering the wreck of the sponge-cake. 'Mother would never say no to anybody, if one actually carried off the roof over her head. She'd think the other party must need it more than she did, or he wouldn't do such a thing. It was absolutely necessary that I should vindicate the honor of the family, and I guess I've done it. I don't imagine we shall be preyed upon any more for the present, and mother

and Louise will wonder what has become of the Joneses. I'm not sure but they'll really be lonesome.' Beth laughed softly, but the laugh sounded rather forced and mirthless. 'I hated to hurt Mary Ellen's feelings—poor little thing! but there was no help for it.'

Somehow Mary Ellen's crestfallen face haunted Beth, even after the sponge-cake vexation had given place to another, browned to a turn, and looking toothsome enough to tempt the veriest epicure. It was a rather raw April day; but Mary Ellen's pink toes, Beth recalled, were peeping out of the ghastly rents in her shoes; and she shivered,—Mary Ellen always did shiver when the winds were cold,—and was on the way to the big kitchen stove piping hot for the baking, when Beth's sharp answer arrested her, and sounded the signal for retreat.

'Poor little thing!' All the hard, matter-of-fact tone had gone out of Beth's voice now. 'It may be they hadn't the flour to make bread for Sunday. Mother thinks they are wretchedly poor. Mary Ellen "looked" hungry. She eyed that burned-up cake as though she would like to eat it. I didn't think so much about it at the time, but she "did." I've half a mind——'

Beth's 'half a mind' appeared to resolve itself into a whole mind almost instantly, for she closed the dampers of the stove with a bang, and glanced at the clock as she hurried on her hat and coat.

'We could spare two loaves well enough,' she assured herself, bending over the big stone crock in the corner of the pantry. 'There are two tins of biscuit, and mother made brown bread day before yesterday. I'm going to put in a few of the doughnuts I fried this morning, and some sugar cookies.'

It was a market-basket of comfortable dimensions, covered with a snowy cloth, which bore Beth company when she presented herself at the door of the Jones cottage less than a half-hour later. It was not far to the cottage; but Beth was somewhat out of breath, for the basket had grown heavier with the growth of her generous impulse, and she had hurried, and, withal, she was just the least bit flurried.

'I found we had more than enough bread for over Sunday, Mrs. Jones; so I ran over with it. There are a few doughnuts and cakes in the basket for the children. Little people are always fond of those things.' Beth rushed into her explanations rashly. The pale-faced, spare woman in the skimped black dress looked bewildered. 'I'm afraid I was cross with Mary Ellen. You see I'd just burned up a cake in the oven, and she was the first person I set eyes on after I'd taken it out. I was ashamed of myself the minute she was gone.'

'O! It's Miss Pearsall,' said the woman, enlightenment dawning in the faded blue eyes. 'It was good of you to take all that trouble, but—but——' Mrs. Jones was sobbing hysterically.

'I didn't mean to——' Beth halted helplessly, trying to think of a way to relieve the tension of the situation. '—it must be terribly hard getting things together after one moves. We'd be glad to—to help you—get settled.'

'I've tried to make myself believe that,' wailed the woman, one reddened eye appearing above the checked apron. 'I've borrowed this and that of the neighbors when the children 'd get hungry and cry, thinking to myself that I might get work, and could pay 'em all back before they'd find out. I took in washings where I was, but folks don't know here till a body gets acquainted some, and there's so many mouths to fill. 'Tain't easy to tell strangers 'at you're poor—poor enough to beg. I borrowed things I didn't need just to keep up appearances. 'That nutmeg-grater now.'

'I wouldn't mind, Mrs. Jones, one bit. We understand—now. You'll have plenty of work when people know there's some one willing to do it, and there'll be—be things we can help you to.' Beth was recalling her pleasantries about the borrowing Joneses, and there was a quaver in her strong young voice.

'I can't thank you enough for these.' Mrs. Jones was uncovering the basket. 'I feel more like taking 'em now, when you know just how it is.'

'Papa would bring you some potatoes, I know,' Beth went on. 'I heard him say the other day that he wouldn't draw them into town at the price, and there are bins and bins of them in the cellar. Louise and I have—have clothes—things we've outgrown, you know, that you'd be welcome to if you'd want to make them over for Mary Ellen and the others. They're real good—some of them. And there'll be other things when—when I have time to think.'

'I'm sure I'd be glad enough of 'em,' the woman said gratefully. She looked away, a little flush creeping into her pale cheeks. 'I hope you won't lay it up against me, but I feel as though I must tell you when you've said what you have. I thought hard of you when Mary Ellen came home without the bread. I thought you was the kind 'at "had," and didn't think twice of such as "hadn't." It wasn't for myself, but it hurts to hear the little ones cry that hungry way, and not have a crust to give 'em.'

'It was I who was to blame, Mrs. Jones, every bit. You see I was thoughtless, and didn't know how it was.'

There was a thin mist between Beth's eyes and Mrs. Jones's care-lined face when Beth stooped to take up the empty basket.

'Where in the world have you been?' Louise's question and Louise's inquiring face met Beth as she unlatched the gate, and ran up the plank walk. 'Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't come, and we drove right back. We've searched the house over for you, and I told mamma at last that I believed the Joneses had borrowed "you." Louise laughed merrily.

But Beth's face was grave. 'They "did,"' she answered quietly.

Satisfying Religion.

There is a religion which is satisfying. I will call your attention to four features of it: First, a sense of the conscious favor of God. You feel that God loves you, that he holds you in his arms. Second, the consciousness that he has made you good. If the world pours into your lap all its wealth and honors you would still be a miserable creature unless you knew that you were good and honest and true and pure. Third, the consciousness that you are doing your duty to the Lord and to those about you. Fourth, the assurance that all is going to be well. There may be difficulties in the way now, but if we have the assurance in our hearts that all will be well in the end it will bring satisfaction. And this satisfying religion you can have without money and without price, on the simple condition that you go right down and submit yourself to Christ, believe in Him and trust Him.—General Booth.

In Canterbury Crypt.

'A few years ago,' said the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in one of his addresses during his visit to America, 'I visited Canterbury Cathedral. After I had wandered through the vast edifice, the verger asked me whether I would not like to see the crypt, and I readily assented. But I soon regretted that I had done so, for as he opened the doorway that led to the dark recesses of the vaults, there met me a cold, chill atmosphere, heavily laden with the mouldy smell of corruption and death. I was ashamed to show any reluctance after having asked to see the burial-place of the nation's great men, and proceeded to descend a winding staircase. The darkness was so dense that I could not see a foot in front of me, but the verger called to me that I would find an iron railing at hand, and by following that I would be guided safely to the crypt. I descended, then, into the darkness of the tombs. On reaching the bottom, I was surrounded on all sides by black vaults, but in the distance I could discern a light, on approaching which I found that the crypt really opened upon the cloister gardens of the whole cathedral. There the glorious spring sunshine was bringing flowers into bloom, and in the midst of the garden there was a beautiful fountain playing, and I then realised how through darkness I had come to the bright glory of the spring sunshine. And thus it was that Christ upon the cross, after descending step by step in His humility, passed into the gloom and darkness. I can imagine that as He reached out His hand in the darkness it rested upon the will of God: and as He descended into the grave His soul cried out, "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." "Thou wilt show Me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Thus, through the darkness of the grave, Christ came into the bright light of the resurrection morning.'—'Christian Herald.'

Work in Labrador.

'WE ALL KNOWS THE DOCTOR.'

Grenfell in the Hearts of His People.

It was during a trip through Newfoundland on behalf of the new ...ermen's institute at St. John's, ...at Mr. Charles F. Karnopp found how large a place the missionary doctor holds in the hearts of the people to whom he has given his life.

A number of times we were hailed as political agitators, writes Mr. Karnopp, and were often compelled to demonstrate that our interest was non-partisan, for the country had just passed through a very keen political campaign. It was a rare delight to watch the sudden change in the attitude of a harbor when we mentioned the magic name of Dr. Grenfell and said that he had sent us to tell them about the new institute at St. John's. In a few hours' time the news would spread from cove to cove and from village to village and the meeting houses were usually crowded to the doors with men and women eager to hear what Dr. Grenfell had in store for them. We usually found the doors and windows nailed shut, a blazing stove in the centre of the room, the air reeking with tobacco smoke and heavy with the odors of unwashed bodies. One immediately realized that these conditions presented one of the very bulwarks of the deeply entrenched tuberculosis scourge against which the institute is to open war.

Very closely they listened to the description of the building and the account of the activities to be carried on there. Perhaps the most interest centred in the swimming pool and the prospect of a chance to learn to swim. The waters of the Atlantic so far north are too cold to admit of bathing. At the close of the meetings we have often times listened to stories of easily avoidable drownings had the poor fellows been able to keep afloat for but a very short time. Many an old skipper has said, 'My days at sea are almost over, but my boys can learn, thank God!' These and many other testimonies would be given at the close of the talk when the men in the audience were asked to tell what they thought of the plan. Special gratitude was always expressed for the provision for the care of the schooner-girls and those who go to St. John's seeking employment, as house servants. They were more than glad of the opportunity to help put up the building and would crowd around the table to look at the plans and make their subscriptions, some twenty cents, some fifty cents, some a dollar. At no time did we ask for a subscription but merely gave the opportunity to give. We often felt like restraining them from giving rather than urging them to give.

We were curious to know how extensively Dr. Grenfell and his associates on the Labrador had come in touch with the men of a certain harbor in Bonavista Bay, it being one of the more southerly bays. Accordingly we asked at the meeting that all those who had ever been treated in the 'Strathcona' or in one of the hospitals raise their hands, and to our surprise over two-thirds of the men present responded with considerable enthusiasm. Just before the singing of the Fishermen's Ode with which the meetings were usually closed, a tall powerful skipper stalked toward the platform in his heavy sea boots and asked that he might say a word. We were told later that he was an old sealing captain who had been a terror in his younger days. He said, 'Well, men, you all knows me; you knows what I has been and what I'm tryin' to be now, but I want to tell ye all again and this yere gentleman that a... I is, I owes to Dr. Grenfell.'

Often a meeting would close with three hearty cheers for Dr. Grenfell, for the mission, and for the institute. Love and admiration for him is in the hearts of all who have ever come under the Doctor's influence. One day on the mail boat Mrs. Karnopp asked a girl who came from Conche, if she had heard of Dr. Grenfell. Her quick response was, 'Oh, yes, we all knows the Doctor. Its always Christmas when he comes to our harbor.'

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1909.

The Council at Jerusalem.

Acts xv., 1-5; 22-29. Memory verses 28, 29. Read Acts xv., 1-35.

Golden Text.

We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they. Acts xv., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 17.—Acts xv., 1-11.
Tuesday, May 18.—Acts xv., 12-21.
Wednesday, May 19.—Acts xv., 22-35.
Thursday, May 20.—Matt. xxiii., 1-13.
Friday, May 21.—Gal. ii., 1-10.
Saturday, May 22.—Gal. v., 1-14.
Sunday, May 23.—Gal. vi., 7-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Can anybody tell me some of the difficulties that the great missionary Paul had to go through when he went out to preach to people about Jesus? He tells us that he was in danger from swollen rivers something like we have in our own country in spring, in danger from robbers, and in a great many other dangers. What terrible thing happened to him that we studied about in last Sunday's lesson? Why, the people in one city tried to kill him by stoning him just as Stephen had been stoned to death. So it seems likely that Paul was pretty tired when his long journey was over, and when he and Barnabas got back home to the church that had sent them out they would likely want to have a little peace and rest for a time. But what do you think they did find soon after they got back? They found that some men had come up to the church in Antioch and made trouble there, so that some people were saying 'You've got to do things just this way if you want to be called a Christian,' and others were saying, 'No, we haven't, and what's more we don't intend to, because we feel sure we are right.' Did you ever hear people going on like that? Oh, I'm afraid you have, and sometimes when you and your brother or your sister have been speaking like that mother has called out 'Now, children, don't quarrel.]' Nobody likes quarreling. It sounds nasty, and it is nasty, and its very sad to think that Christian people ever do quarrel, but they do. This was one occasion when they did and Paul and Barnabas were very sorry about it and tried the best way they could to stop it. But before we see how nicely everything was settled and how happy everybody was after it was all over, just let us see if we can understand what it was that these early Christians were quarreling over. Do you know to what nation Jesus belonged when he was here as a man upon earth? He was a Jew. His mother and Joseph were Jews and Jesus was brought up as a little Jewish boy. But when He was a man and after He had died and risen again from the dead, He told His disciples to go into all the world and preach the good news to everybody that Jesus was their Saviour if they would accept and love Him, no matter whether they were Jews, or Gentiles, or whatever nation they might belong to. Christ didn't tell them to go and make Jews out of the world, teaching them to keep all the laws that Moses had given and all the other laws that the Pharisees had made. But some of the Pharisees who had become Christians wanted everybody to become a Jew before he could be a Christian, and, of course, the Gentile Christians didn't want to do that at all. So that was the quarrel that Paul and Barnabas were so very sorry to find going on in Antioch so soon after they came home from their journey.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is difficult for us at this day to appreciate the seriousness of the question that threatened the undoing of the early Christian work among the Gentiles, but no more difficult than it will be for our descendants at some future date to appreciate the true significance of some of the barriers between Christian churches of to-day. The truth is that no form or ceremony really stands between the soul and its Saviour; 'He that believeth on the Lord shall be saved'; but it seems as hard at the present day with all its enlightenment for people brought up rigidly in the observance of one or another form, to realize this truth as ever it was for the early Jewish disciples. The form may be advisable; the ceremony may have its justification, but to say, as did these early disturbers (verse 1), that salvation is dependent on them, is to go beyond the truth. That the saved soul may be helped by them is a different question, and one which in every case, as in the story in to-day's lesson, may be decided by the church for itself under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit. The only 'necessary things' (verse 28) which the church at Jerusalem saw fit to urge upon the Gentile Brethren were the observance of common morality, and the avoidance of offence to their Jewish brethren in matters of food when principle was not involved. Such avoidance of unnecessary offence is binding on any true gentleman even apart from the higher law of Christian charity. It was truly necessary in this instance that the Gentile Christians take this step of self-denial on their part if they were to continue to hold any true intercourse with their Jewish brethren, and broad and free as was Paul's belief with regard to one of the requirements (1. Cor. viii., 1-13) he still considered selfish assertion of liberty a breach of the law of Christ (I. Cor. viii., 12). It is of the greatest interest to compare the Epistle of James with his speech in to-day's lesson and to see how truly they agree in spirit. Notice, too, Peter's breadth and liberality as shown in the words of the golden text—opposing to the Pharisee's claim, 'They must be saved even as "we," through the deeds of the law,' the Christian view 'We shall be saved, even as "they," through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Paul's account in Gal. ii., 1-10 should be studied in connection with this lesson.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

The Guidance of the Indwelling Spirit.—It sometimes seems as though Paul and Barnabas and the other great leaders in the early Church were guided by God in a peculiar way, that to them was given the power to know God's will as it is not given to men in these days. But those great men were guided by God's voice within. There is in every one a religious consciousness which tells him what he ought to do, and this 'ought' is God's will for him. If he heeds the promptings of this indwelling Spirit, he, too, can say that his decision 'seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to him.'

The Testimony of Abraham Lincoln.—The Almighty does make use of human agencies and directly intervenes in human affairs. I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances where I have been controlled by some other Power than my own will, that I can not doubt that this power comes from above. I am confident that when the Almighty wants me to do, or not to do, a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it.

Advice of Epictetus.—Every matter hath two handles: by the one it may be carried; by the other, not. If thy brother do thee wrong, take not this thing by the handle, He wrongs me; for that is the handle whereby it may not be carried. But take it rather by the handle, He is my brother, nourished with me; and thou wilt take it by a handle whereby it may be carried.

It is right to say, I wish I knew God's will more perfectly, said Dr. M. D. Babcock; but it is better to pray, O God, help me to do Thy will, as I know it, more perfectly than ever. This is a petition that everyone needs to offer.

'In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity.'

The only way to get at what is right is to do what seems right.—Macconald.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 23.—Topic—Great-Heart in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Ps. i., 1-6. (Union meeting with the older society.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 17.—Doves and purity. Matt. iii., 16, 17.

Tuesday, May 18.—Eagles and strength. Ex. xix., 4-6.

Wednesday, May 19.—Vultures and corruption. Matt. xxiv., 23-28.

Thursday, May 20.—The rose and beauty. Song of Sol. ii., 1-7.

Friday, May 21.—The lily and purity. Song of Sol. vi., 1-3, 9-11.

Saturday, May 22.—The thistle, uselessness. Matt. vii., 16-19.

Sunday, May 23.—Topic—Lessons from the birds and flowers. Luke xii., 24-28. (Union meeting with the Juniors.)

Religious News.

On October 20 and 21, 1908, the Paris Missionary Society celebrated the day on which its wonderfully prosperous work among the Basutos was started seventy-five years ago. The celebrations were held in Morija, and consisted in a number of meetings held in the open air because no church could have accommodated the assembled multitudes. Upon the platform were seated the representatives of the Britsih Government, of the Paris Missionary Society, and of other missionary societies. There were also the faithful French missionaries, the chiefs of the Basutos, and a representative of King Lewanika of Barotseland. About seven thousand native Christians, who had come from far and near, and many heathen visitors composed the audience. The whole meetings were permeated by gladness and praise, their keynote being, 'The Lord has done great things for us.' The representative of the British Governor-General acknowledged publicly that the missionaries had contributed much in every way to the prosperous and happy condition of the Basutos. He praised the missionary schools and the good influence of the missionaries upon the native chiefs. Thus the jubilee had a very happy influence upon all those who were present.

It will interest our readers to know that the Paris Society has in Basutoland 221 schools with 12,000 pupils, and that the native Christians contributed in 1907 more than $30,000 for the support of the Gospel. The native Christians in Thaba-Bosein contributed each about $1.80, far more than the average American church-member. The native church of Basutoland is becoming self-supporting and self-governing very rapidly.

For a Corean Christian to get new light and hide it under a bushel is an unheard-of thing. Having heard a bit of new truth or a choice illustration from the foreign teacher, he can not rest until he has told it to someone else, and often puts it in a far more telling way than that in which it was given to him. In 20 Bible classes two-thirds of the teaching was done by persons who had never done such work before, and, although in some cases they were not so well prepared as we would wish, they were so earnest and sincere, that through them 'God broke forth much new light from his holy Word.' For a Christian boy or girl or young man or woman to attend one of our higher schools means that during vacation he or she will go back to the home village and give—mostly without pay—to the less fortunate boys and girls what has been learned. Out of a class of 55 such boys, 30 were thus engaged during a summer vacation. And two years ago a girl twelve years of age going back to her home village gathered together 15 girls and started a school which has but grown and increased in efficiency with the years. A few months ago Mr. Ye, who was teaching our large boys' school at Hamchong, with a good salary, said to me that he must leave. When asked why he replied: 'O, you know we have a small church in my home village in Samwha county, and they want to open a boys' school.'—The Rev. J. H. Pettee.

Our Country's Flag.

Any boy or girl who wants a really fine flag of real wool bunting can have one for Empire Day by a little work. Read about our plan on another page.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

How busy everybody is with plans and pleasures for the coming summer! Just a word to the members of the League. Don't forget to put in some thoughts for others in your planning. It is so easy to be selfish without realizing it, and after all, don't we enjoy ourselves better if our pleasures bring other people a little pleasure, too, instead of a little pain?

There are two new members this week:—Cecil Meredith, W., Ont., and Irene MacIntosh, R. D., Alta.

V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister three years old. Her name is Julia Mary, but we call her Julie. She has dark brown eyes. My uncle found an egg with a little egg in the center. There was hardly any yoke in it, the little egg taking it all up. I wonder what sort of a chicken it would have hatched. Last summer the ground hogs were pounding down the grass so that papa set out some traps, he caught several, and finally one day papa went and looked and there was a great big one, papa said it weighed about eight or nine pounds. We were a little afraid of it when it snapped at us (papa was not, of course), but papa killed it and I was a little sorry, for I thought it would make a nice dog if it was not so cross. My uncle caught a large cat-owl in a trap, and he poisoned one to day nearly as big. They would be nice stuffed. I think they are such queer birds.

MARJORIE WEAVER (age 12).

A. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have received your Pansy Blossom picture, also the Maple Leaf Brooch, which I am highly pleased with and would not miss.

ELLA M. GUNN.

P. W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have had quite a few April showers lately and are having quite a heavy one to-night. The grass is turning green now, fast. I am watching closely for violet blossoms, for some of my school chums have seen buds. I have three cats, Rosebud, Snooks, and Scamper. Rosebud is ten years old and she is a great pet of mine. I have been going to school quite regularly since the first of the term. I think the R. L. of K. has a fine pledge and I hope to join sometime, and wish it every success. I will send a few riddles:—1. What tune makes everybody glad? 2. Why is a thump like a winter hat? 3. What is the last remedy for a smoky chimney? 4. What word becomes shorter by adding a syllable to it?

MILDRED F. LE KEANS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The "Oyama."' Austin F. Atkinson, N. E. P., N.S.

2. 'A Revolver.' W. McFetrich (age 13), Montreal.

3. 'Baltimore Oriole.' Effie Burns (age 12), O., Ont.

4. 'Flag.' Arthur I. Maybee (age 11), G., Ont.

5. 'Our Farm House.' Myrtle Sider (age 9), N. D., Ont.

6. 'National Trust Co.' Francis Theodore Fraser (age 15), Montreal.

7. 'Our School.' James Green, Ont.

8. 'Hush-a-bye Baby.' Violet Oakman (age 13), H., Ont.

9. 'Carrot.' Louise Hislop (age 13), E., Ont.

10. 'A Horse.' Glenn Morgan (age 10), W., Ont.

11. 'Elephant.' Ina L. Wallace (age 7), W., Man.

12. 'House.' Ernie Butterworth, U. H., Ont.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

I was sitting in the window
On a bright and sunny day,
When I heard a robin singing:
This is what it seemed to say.

Spring has come with breezes warm
And refreshing showers,
Soon the leaves will all be out,
Then will come the flowers.

You see the snow is melting fast,
The ground will soon be bare,
Then I will build a nice snug nest,
And hatch my eggs with care.

CARRIE SOBEY.

OTHER LETTERS.

Grace Holdaway, B., Ont., has 'four little bunnies, and one is pure white.'

Alice C. Coombe, K., Ont., lives near Lake Huron. 'In summer I have lots of fun bathing. I can swim a little. The answer to the riddle given by Mary Jane Brodie—(April 23)—is: 'Wait till the bird flies away.'

Mary A. Thompson, C., Ont., lives on a farm, and about her home in winter 'there is very good skating and sleigh-riding, which mean great sport to the little girls and boys.'

Arvilla L. Hill, B., Ont., says 'We had the diphtheria this winter and my little brother died with it.' We are sorry to hear that, Arvilla.

Elva E. C., B. B., N.B., lives in 'a little fishing village,' but, says Elva, 'it has a fine harbor and is expected to be the future winter port of Canada.'

Lorne Allin, S., Sask., had 'lots of time, so I thought I would write. Last year I only missed two days from school. It will soon be seeding time. The gophers are thick out here.'

Cecil Meredith, W., Ont., lives 'nearly in the city, but not quite. I have not any brothers or sisters, but a lot of cousins.'

Alton Coates, W. A., N.S., has 'great fun playing ball at our school, for there are enough scholars to have two games. I can beat Fred Bergman, for I have a twenty-seven year old colt.' But, dear me, Alton, when 'will' it stop being a colt?

Annie M. MacDonald, U. C., N.S., tells about the Acadia and the Drummond coal mines near her home. 'These mines are a great source of wealth to the surrounding country. The country people get their coal from these mines.'

Carrie and Nellie Sobey, P., N.B., send little letters. Carrie 'saw a robin the other day and made up a little piece about him.' Nellie has a kitten which, like Mary's little lamb, 'followed her to school one day.'

Ernest Mullen, E., N.S., has been ill for a week, he says. We hope you are quite well now, Ernest.

Leta Conley, C., N.S., says 'Papa is logging now and I stay home from school, because mamma has had the rheumatism ever since the 9th of February.' How nice to be big enough to help mother, Leta.

Annie Myles, B. R., N.B., asks—What holds a thousand logs and can't hold a pin?

Ethel M. McPherson, G. B., N.S., answers V. S. M.'s riddle (April 16)—Seven.

Effie Burns, O., Ont., sends a story which we hope to find room for later. Your riddles have been asked before, Effie.

We also got little letters from Margaret B. Boyd, A., N.S.; Minnie Stiles, C. M., N.B.; Mary E. Smith, T., N.B.; Irene C. MacIntosh, R. D., Alta.; Marjorie M. McIntosh, W., Ont.

Boys! That Competition!

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Gentleman.

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
—Old Proverb.

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Why, Adam was the gentleman,
For we can readily believe
That when he delved he delved for Eve.
Assumed the hardest of the toil,
With willing hands turned up the soil,
Trained all the vines and pruned the trees,
Thus leaving Eve to spin at ease.
If Eve had delved while Adam span,
He would have been no gentleman.
—Boston 'Courier.'

Phil's Risk and What it Brought.

(Sally Campbell, in the 'Interior.')

Phil Mason waited a moment after school to add a line to his letter home. 'It's jolly to have such good news for them,' he said to himself, as he picked up his cap and books and started out of the empty schoolroom. 'Little Mother will be pleased to pieces to know what a nice send-off I've got.'

Phil was almost ready to open his letter and add some more when he found Murray Craig waiting for him at the gate to remind him of skating on the brook after supper.

'It's an honor for Murray Craig to wait for you,' mused Phil. 'All the fellows tag after Murray. I don't blame them; he is fine. I'm doing pretty well, if I do say it, to get in so much with him when he has only known me a month, and I was fresh from the country with nobody to boom me.'

Phil pursued his way to the postoffice in a very contented frame of mind. He was boarding in town in order to go to the high school—the first time in all his life that he had passed as many as three consecutive weeks from under his father's roof.

'Murray's father is the first citizen here,' his thoughts ran on comfortably. 'The family is at the top of everything. But anyway, it's natural to Murray to lead. And if he likes you and takes to you, you need not worry about how you will get on with the others. That is settled for once and all. Little Mother won't care so much for the Craig's social standing, their big record and all that part of it, as she will for what Murray is himself. She would like him tremendously; he is so straight and—and fine,' returning to the vague, boyish word that would cover many things hard to express. Among these was Murray's early suggestion to Phil to go to Sunday school with him, and the sight of his attentive face at the end of his father's pew in church, and his answers to questions about the Bible. 'Murray Craig is my Little Mother's own sort,' thought Phil. 'It didn't take long to find that out.'

As he rounded the last corner above the postoffice Phil came upon a slim, dark-eyed, olive-skinned boy lounging near the curb. The boy made a movement to speak but ended by merely returning Phil's indifferent nod.

'There! I think I have shaken off Gilbert Loney,' Phil congratulated himself as he went quickly on. His mind reverted to those first few homesick days when Gilbert's proffered companionship and entertainment had been exceedingly attractive. 'I kept clear of him, but I didn't do it by any too wide a margin,' he confessed soberly. 'I had to hold on to my principles with both hands and think hard of Little Mother and the others. I never had been lonesome before and it wasn't nice, and there's a flash and jingle about Gilbert that seems a good deal more cheerful than a boarding house room all alone.'

Phil shook his head. 'Whew! I am mighty glad I'm started right! Gilbert is headed wrong. If I went the way he is taking it would break Little Mother's heart. If I had chummed with him Murray Craig never would have looked at me. He hasn't any use at all for Gilbert's crowd.'

After supper, with his skates dangling around his neck, Phil started for the brook, stopping to get Murray on the way.

'To-night is perfect,' said Murray. 'The moon is shining her level best and it is just cold enough to warm you up. Glad I'm living! How do you do?' this last in salutation to a group of boys, of whom Gilbert Loney was one.

'That Loney fellow,' said Murray, lowering his voice, 'went straight for the mud as soon as he struck this town. If he doesn't look out he will be fired from school before the winter is over.'

Phil did not speak. Once more he was thankful that he had been able to reject Gilbert's advances. When the evening's sport was over and he lay awake for a few moments in his room in the boarding house, with a soft glow of moonlight over the floor and only the frosty silence of the night out of doors, he did not think of the fun and frolic at the brook, nor of the quiet farmhouse many miles away where his father and his Little Mother and the children were asleep. He thought of the look on Gilbert Loney's face when he and Murray had passed him three hours earlier. What had it been, that look? Was it defiance? Was it resentment? What was it? Phil was not at all sure that he knew. Before he finally lost himself in sleep, however, a very distinct thought was in his mind—'I wonder whether Gilbert Loney really does like mud.' But when the morning came he had forgotten it.

On Sunday after service Phil walked out of church behind Miss Betts, the village dressmaker, a gray-haired, rosy-cheeked little woman, smiling and talkative. Right and left she expressed her warm approval of the sermon, and when she finally settled down beside one companion for the walk home she entered on a more detailed eulogy.

'Excuse me for talking shop,' she said breezily, 'but if that sermon was dress goods I'd say it was a kind that would make up pretty and be real serviceable into the bargain. Some stuff, you know, looks nice in the piece, but after you put the scissors in you are disappointed. To-day's sermon wasn't like that. I think,' laughed the good woman, 'I must try to get me a dress pattern off it for my own soul.'

Phil turned away down a side street, shrugging his shoulders over such feminine figures of speech. 'Why couldn't she just say that it was good precept to practice?'

The sermon had been on neighborliness. Without any warning Gilbert Loney suddenly shot now into Phil's memory. He frowned with a little impatience. 'I came unpleasantly near being his neighbor. I guess it behooves me to keep out of temptation. I guess I am not exactly cut out for a missionary.'

Yes, it had certainly been a good sermon. Parts of it repeated themselves in Phil's unwilling thoughts very forcibly. By and by he said to himself: 'You are a mollycoddle! You are a baby! You are a scared priest and a whimpering Levite, passing by on the other side and trying to make a virtue out of it. Did the Little Mother ever teach you that the one and only object of avoiding mud was to keep your precious self clean?'

Gilbert Loney had been at church. He had climbed into the gallery late, and slipping out of his obscure corner during the last hymn, had hurried away, as nervous lest he should be recognized as though he shunned disgrace. He, too, confessed to the excellence of the sermon. 'But what was it? Words. If a hundredth part of it were put into living, things would be getting pretty lively for us poor sinners in this place before to-night. No danger. Folks will talk about it, and heap praises on it, and nail down its coffin and bury it by dinner time. Speaking of that, I wish I was dead myself—' With no one near to see, the look in Gilbert's eyes which had made Phil question a few days ago, was much plainer there now. He did not end his sentence.

He was sitting on his landlady's porch, idly watching the returning churchgoers in the streets, when Phil came up on the steps to speak to him.

'Good-morning,' said Phil. 'I want to invite you to our class at Sunday school. We have a very interesting teacher. Will you come this afternoon?'

Gilbert stared at him and then laughed. 'I don't believe I will, thank you. Sunday school is a diversion that doesn't divert, in my experience. I am much obliged to you for your interest in me. I guess I can get on without your society on Sundays as well as I can on weekdays.' Happily the last sentence was inaudible, and Phil, having muttered that he was sorry, took himself off in haste, his chin well up and his lips well shut.

'I knew he wouldn't go,' Phil reflected. 'Anyway, I asked him. What is it to me in what spirit he takes it?'

Gilbert marched into the house and upstairs to his room and flung himself into a seat by the table. 'You are a weak-kneed simpleton, Gilbert Loney!' he said. 'Why did you go to church this morning in the first place? What comfort did you expect it to be to you? But you did go and enjoyed the sermon, and when a fellow-worshipper hunted you out expressly to offer you some more of the same kind of enjoyment, why didn't you close with him? You won't find it convenient to travel over two roads at once.'

Unwillingly, as though forced to it in spite of himself, he lifted his head and looked at a pictured face on the wall above the table. It was the face of a young woman, not remarkable save for a haunting loveliness of expression. Gilbert looked at it with sullen eyes that refused to soften.

'She is dead,' he went on. 'You can't remember her. You can't go to her and tell her what a mess you have made of things, and she can't help you. You have chosen your companions and have gone where they took you and done what they did. But yet when they want to come up here where you live and make themselves at home, you won't have it because of a picture on the wall. As if a little diversion like that could matter or could shame her any more than what you do all the time. I never have watched any one go to the bad before. Maybe it is on the regular bill to shuffle backwards and forwards a time before setting to the steady pace down grade. But it looks simple to me.'

Gilbert put his hand out toward the picture, then drew it back. 'Hankins's letter last night said he would send up a box of oranges by express early this week. When it gets here I will invite all my best friends in to a feast. Until then they may stay out. When they do come they shall not see my mother's picture. I couldn't bear to have them look at it or ask about it. I will hide it away—then.'

To Phil's surprise—and it must be conceded, to his chagrin—he found that Gilbert was still on his mind. It was almost as if that final, unspoken taunt of Gilbert's had found its way into the atmosphere and discovered itself to Phil's inner sense as logic of his own. 'To turn your back on a fellow all the week and then want to lead him by the hand to Sunday school on Sunday isn't the best way to evangelize him, maybe. But I fear any amusement that I can offer would be far too tame for Gilbert's tastes. Anything after a-quiet-walk-in-the-country order would hardly "divert" him, as he says.'

Phil went to dinner and in due course the day passed. It was not until bedtime that he fairly faced the question which had been hovering in his consciousness through all these hours.

'It is very doubtful,' he summarized it bluntly, 'whether Murray Craig will stand for Gilbert. He doesn't take any stock in him. If he sees me with him his friendship for me will very likely cool off. Well, which is a bigger risk—to risk not keeping my place in the best society or to risk Gilbert's keeping his in the worst? Murray doesn't understand. No amount of newness and of lonesomeness would have tempted him; but it tempted me. I can understand how Gilbert may not have as much taste for mud as it looks.'

Phil hesitated still a little longer. I can't

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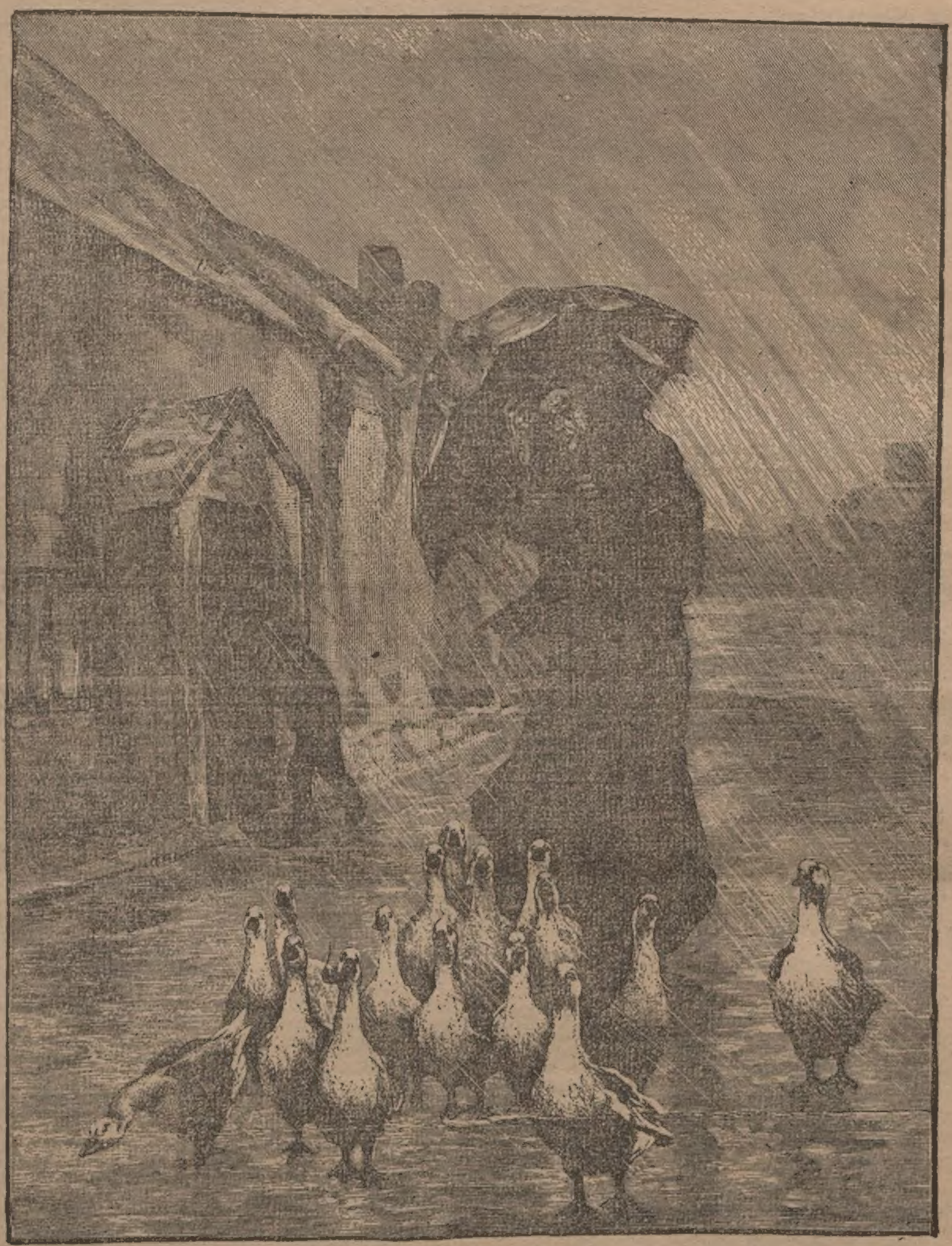

—'Band of Mercy.'

PLEASANT WEATHER FOR GEESE, BUT NOT SO PLEASANT FOR THEIR MISTRESS.

be sure of getting him to change; but I can be sure of trying. When a person once starts out to be a neighbor by profession he might just as well make up his mind that it is not always going to be a pampering process.' And so Phil put out the light and went to bed.

The next morning before school Murray Craig hailed him with enthusiasm. 'Isn't this a glorious spell of weather? To-day is even better than Saturday. We must make the most of it before the thaw comes and spoils it all.'

Phil said 'Yes' rather abstractedly. He was looking around the yard for Gilbert. 'For I'd better burn my bridges quickly or I might run,' he thought. He tried to speak to Gilbert as though the rebuff of yesterday had never been, and he succeeded partially.

'Why do you never come down to the brook these moonlight nights and skate?' he asked.

'I don't know how to skate,' Gilbert answered, not ungraciously.

'Don't know how!' echoed Phil, finding the statement so surprising that it made him natural for the moment. 'What have you done all your life? Oh, yes, I remember. Your home is in Florida.'

'I live there; it isn't much of a home,' said Gilbert, his dark face clouding.

If Phil had dared to be sympathetic he would not have known how. 'You ought to learn,' was all he said. 'I suppose you haven't any skates.'

'I could get some,' answered Gilbert. And now his eagerness was unmistakable.

'Then do,' said Phil, 'and I will teach you. I am a great teacher. I taught my sister and my little brother, and they do well.'

Gilbert's black eyes scrutinized him. At that minute Phil had forgotten everything but that it was not much of a home where Gilbert lived.

'You'd better not offer unless you are ready to be taken up,' said Gilbert, breaking into a smile which made him look like another boy.

'But he isn't,' Phil reminded himself, when they had agreed that instructions should begin that night and he was at his desk waiting for school to open. 'He is not another boy.

Neither is Murray. But maybe I am,' rather ruefully. For he had a fancy that when Murray's glance had encountered him and Gilbert entering the schoolroom together, it had settled on them meaningly before turning away. 'Maybe I'll be a different person after this. Never mind.' Phil disowned that qualm which made his heart heavy. 'Maybe Gilbert will be different, too, by and by. That is important.'

Gilbert was not a very apt pupil in the art of skating, but at any rate he had persistence. It was a strenuous evening both for himself and his tutor. 'Naturally I couldn't have much to do with the others while I was floundering over the brook with Gilbert,' Phil reasoned later. 'It was not possible.'

But he did not feel certain then nor during the following days whether there had been any change of attitude toward him or not on the part of Murray and Murray's friends. 'I can't complain of Gilbert's standoffishness,' he said to himself. 'He sticks to me like my shadow. And he isn't dull company, I must say. There is nothing poky about Gilbert.'

But the good will of the other boys had been very dear to Gilbert. The fear that he might be losing it disturbed him not a little. Phil, though, persisted too. He set his teeth and doggedly, as he expressed it, stuck by his job.

He had his reward when, late in the week without any preliminaries, Gilbert abruptly demanded: 'I say, what time do you have your Sunday school?'

Saturday morning Phil was coming out of a shop when he was hailed by Mr. Lester, one of the high school teachers.

'How are you, Phil? I am going out in a cutter after lunch, four miles or so over to Lawrence. Would you like to come along?'

Phil opened his mouth to answer with alacrity. He had never had an interview of any length with Mr. Lester, and he had heard plenty from the other boys to make him desire it. But before he could speak he remembered Gilbert's disgust at his interrupted lessons in skating and his exuberance at the prospect of 'completing the course and taking a degree' that afternoon. While Phil tried in one breathless instant to settle with himself whether he might explain to Gilbert and go, another voice broke in upon them.

'You don't mean to say,' cried Murray Craig, 'that you hesitate over an invitation from Mr. Lester! Why, nobody in his senses could think of declining such a very special one as that. Yes, Mr. Lester, Phil is much obliged; he will be pleased to go with you. I can skate as well as you can, Phil,' Murray went on. 'Just leave Gilbert to me; I'll see that he does not get too many bumps.'

'Very well then, Phil,' said Mr. Lester. 'Be at the school corner, will you, at half-past two?'

The boys did not stay long together after he had left them. When Murray had uttered a sentence or two, to which Phil replied in a monosyllable, both being shy of their own feelings, they separated. What Murray said was: 'This is a pretty big thing you are trying to do—to give another fellow a new start. You won't mind my helping at it a little, will you?' And Phil answered merely, 'No.' But though his words were lacking his thoughts were not.

On Monday after school Gilbert arrived at his own gate with half a dozen or more companions. 'I got a box of oranges by express on Saturday,' he said. 'Who will come up to my room and eat a few?'

They all would, with ardor. It was not a very large room, and the big box of oranges made it smaller than usual. The guests crowded it, sitting on the floor and the bed and even the bureau. They were a gay company.

While the talk and laughter progressed, some of the boys noticed the picture of a sweet-faced woman hanging on the wall above Gilbert's table.

Boorishness or Manliness.

The average young man scoffs a little at one who is noticeable for his good manners. Many a healthy boy thinks a certain roughness in speech or manner is a sign of vigor or manliness, in contrast to the weak and effeminate ways of one who is always bowing and scraping to people whom he meets. There could not be a greater mistake; because, while an over display of politeness is a sign of hypocrisy, natural courtesy will never permit a man to behave in any way except in the thoughtful, quiet, refined way which belongs to good manners. A rough honest man is certainly better than a slippery, well-mannered dishonest one; and this is the reason for so much of the deliberately rough manner some of us adopt. But this does not prove that courteous behavior is wrong or to be avoided.

There is no reason, therefore, why the average young man in school or college or business, in his daily occupation, or when he comes in contact with women and men, girls and boys, should not make it a point to be reserved, self-contained, tolerant, and observant of the little rules which everyone knows by heart.

A systematic method of observing rules in such cases has its effect. For example, you will see a man in his discussion among his friends talking all the time, demanding the attention of others, insisting on his views, losing his temper, or making himself conspicuous in a hundred other ways. He may be a very good fellow, full of push and vigor, and so sure of his own views that in his heart he cannot conceive of any other person really having a different view of the subject. That is an estimable character to have. Confidence in one's own ideas often carries one over many a bad place. But the fact that a person has such a character, and his disagreeable way of forcing it upon you, are two entirely different things; and the difference between being confident and disagreeable, and confident and agreeable, is the difference between good and bad manners.—'Leaves of Light.'

A Dragon Fly.

'Oh! there's a great ugly thing,' exclaimed a girl as a beautiful dragon fly settled on the window. 'Not ugly,' I replied; 'look at its beautiful wings.' All God's creatures are beautiful, and as I watched the movements of the majestic insect, the words of the poet on the birth of the dragon fly came to my mind.

'To-day I saw the dragon fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail,
He dried his wings, like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and meadows wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.'

The translation from the grub state in the muddy pool, to the splendor of the gauze wings and sparkling sheen of the dragon fly, reminded me of what every soul-winner has seen in the conversion of a sinner, and caused me to pen the imperfect lines:

To-day I saw a sinner saved
From sin's dark doom which o'er him swayed;
A life Divine to him was given,
Which caused the man to rise to heav'n.
He passed from death, to life and light,
Which made his spirit glad and bright.
The old things went, the new ones came.
And he a saint in love did reign.
—'Christian Missionary Alliance.'

Pave Your Way to Independence.

'Come, Charlie, I want you to drive a few nails in the shed for me,' said Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the time, and her father, overhearing the request of his daughter, said:

'Why not drive them yourself?'

'Because I can't,' she replied.

'Because you can't,' he responded. 'Why, McCarty says there's no such word in the book. Come here, and I'll show you how to drive nails.'

With hammer in one hand and nails in the other, he went into the shed, drove a few into the door, and then gave the remainder to Nettie. She found it an easy thing to drive the nails, and felt quite proud of her achievement in the mechanical art. She having completed the work, her father said:

'Now, my girl, that lesson makes you independent. Some of these days I'll teach you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't let the doors creak on their hinges for want of an oiled feather; or the children's shoes, or your own shoes, get hard in the winter time for want of a little grease.

'And as for you, my boys, turning to Charlie and his little seven-year-old brother, 'you ought to learn how to make a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button. A little cooking will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and my mother told me when I was a boy that I could beat any boy making a pot of coffee. There's no telling what your lot may be, or where you will be cast sometime during life. The most helpless people I have met were those who could do only one kind of work. All you boys and girls should learn some one thing very well, and make that your dependence for a living, but add to it as much skill as you can; for it costs nothing to carry knowledge, and it enables you to pave your way to independence.'—'S. S. Herald.'

One Boy's 'Neighbor' Shoeblack.

A gentleman hailed a street shoeblack to get his boots blacked. The lad came rather slowly for one looking for a job, and before he could get his brushes out, another larger boy ran up and pushed him aside, saying, 'Here, you sit down, Jimmy!' The gentleman was indignant at what he deemed a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

'O, that's all right, sir,' was the reply; 'I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all give him a lift when we can.'

'Is that so, Jimmy?' the gentleman asked.

'Yes, sir,' wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. 'He does it for me, if you'll let him.'

'Certainly; go ahead.' And as the shoeblack plied the brush the gentleman plied him with questions.

'You say all the boys help him in this way?'

'Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, you see.'

'What part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?'

'I don't keep any of the money; I ain't such a sneak as that.'

'So you give it all to him, do you?'

'Yes, I do. All the boys give what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any fellow sneaking it on a sick boy, I would.'

The boots being blackened, the gentleman handed the urchin sixpence, saying, 'I think you're a pretty good fellow; so keep half and give the rest to Jimmy here.'

'Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim.' He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer of his own. Without knowing it, he had preached a good sermon from the text, 'Let brotherly love continue.'—Selected.

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Ass's Shadow.

Or, Quarrellers Losers.

A youth, one hot summer's day, hired an Ass to carry him from Athens to Megara. At mid-day the heat of the sun was so scorching, that he got off, and would have sat down to rest

himself under the shadow of the Ass. But the driver of the Ass disputed the place with him, declaring that he had an equal right to it with the other. 'What!' said the Youth, 'did I not hire

the Ass for the whole journey?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'you hired the Ass, but not the Ass's shadow.' While they were thus wrangling and fighting for the place, the Ass took to his heels and ran away.

The Sunshine Dray Line.

'Oh, Uncle Bob!' begged Katie, 'please buy me a little waggon.' 'Katie,' said Uncle Bob, solemnly, 'if you can tell me one thing that that little waggon is good for, I will buy it for you.'

Katie's face grew radiant. 'To pick up baby's blocks with,' she answered.

'Uncle Bob, I think we really need that waggon to amuse baby.'

'Very well,' answered Uncle Bob. 'I will buy the waggon. You can set up a teaming business and call it the Sunshine Dray Line. If mother tells me it has been worth it to her, I will pay you five cents a week for running it. But it must do work that is really useful.'

Katie went home with a face like a sunbeam, dragging the little waggon behind her, and that very day the Sunshine Dray Line began to run. It soon became so useful that the household would not have known what to do without it.

It was the Sunshine Dray Line that gathered up all the scattered toys and took them to the toy cupboard. It was the Sunshine Dray Line that hauled Teddie's luncheon to kindergarten the day he forgot it. It was the Sunshine Dray Line that carried the croquet balls to the box.

Uncle Bob concluded that he had never made so good an investment as when he bought the little waggon.

—'Child's Hour.'

THE BEST PLAN.

'Mother,' said Cliff, 'what am I going to do with Joe Blair?'

'What's the matter?' asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face, and her eyes roved past the angry little questioner to the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails.

'Why, we are building a fort, mother; and Joe will build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out at sea.'

'Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?'

'I can't make him do it,' cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore in vexation. 'I've tried and tried, and I can't.'

'How did you try?' asked the mother.

'Why,' said Cliff, hesitating a little, 'I first said that he mustn't.'

'And then?'

'Why, then I told him that he was a big goose.'

'And then?'

There was a little pause before this answer came, 'I jerked his paddle a way.'

'And then?'

This time his mother thought she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head, 'Then I knocked him over and made him cry.'

'O my, my, my!' said the mother, shaking her head sadly; and Cliff felt very mean indeed. 'You have tried your own naughty way and failed, now suppose you try God's plan. He says that you must suffer long and be kind; go back and try that, little son.'

Cliff went back slowly. He didn't at all like God's plan of treating Joe; but he must have tried it after all, for the two little boys built their fort without any more quarrelling, and it lasted a whole fifteen minutes.—'Sunbeam.'

ONE STALK OF WHEAT.

A bell hangs in the church tower of the little town of Grosslasnitz, in the north of Germany. On it is engraved its history, a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of wheat, and the date, October 15th, 1729.

A bell was needed in the village, because the one already there was so low of tone that it could not be heard at the end of the town. But the people were so poor that their united offerings did not amount to nearly enough.

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hahn, was going to church, he noticed a flourishing green stalk of wheat growing out of the church yard wall, the seed of which must have been dropped by some passing bird. The thought came to him that perhaps this one stalk of wheat could be the means of getting the bell they wanted so much.

He waited till the wheat was ripe, and then plucked the six ears and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it year after

year, then he divided the seed among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing it, until in the eighth year the crop was so large they had enough money to buy a beautiful bell.

And there it hangs, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and above the legend a cast of the wheat stalk to which the bell owes its existence.—Selected.

Sowing Seeds.

Mabel dropped a few flower seeds into the ground, and little leaves soon began to peep up and grow; they liked the air and sunshine so well that they were very big in a month or two. Then came buds and beautiful flowers; and the flowers blossomed all summer long, and the old ladies over the way had a bunch to brighten their room every day.

Mabel's mother kept dropping kind word seeds into everybody's heart. Mabel watched these seeds grow. They blossomed into comfort and love and bright faces and smiles and thanks.

'I'll plant kind word seeds, too; see if I don't,' said Mabel, 'I think the flowers are perfectly lovely!'—The 'Young Evangelist.'

Benny's Peaches.

(Mattie Baker, in 'Youth's Companion.')

'Here is a little peach tree that they threw in when I bought the others,' said Mr. Wilson. 'Would you like to have it, Benny?'

'Oh, if you please!' cried Benny eagerly. 'You can set it at the corner where the orange tree died,' said his father.

Benny planted his tree with great care. He went to visit it often, and when a week had gone by, he saw that the swelling buds, instead of being green, were of a pinkish hue. And the next time he found some little pink blossoms, and was nearly wild with delight.

'O, papa,' he cried, 'my little tree is going to bear this year!'

'It's a brave little tree,' said papa; 'but it must not bear so young. You'd better pick all the blossoms off.'

Benny followed his father's advice. Soon the leaf-buds opened and the tree began to grow.

When the second spring came the blossoms appeared again. And after the blossoms dropped there were little fuzzy balls, and papa said: 'It will do no harm to leave a few.'

The peaches ripened in August, and were beauties, and there was one for each of the family.

During the second season the peach tree made a great growth, and the third spring the branches were thick. Then it blossomed once more, and set full of little green peaches; and Benny said, 'I shall leave every one on the tree.'

His father came to look. 'If you leave every one on,' he said, 'your peaches will be small and worth but little. I should pick half of them off.'

The peaches began to swell. They grew to be a wonderful size, and as they ripened the sun gave them a rich color. When the buyer came to look at them, he said they were so fine he would give an extra price. When Benny's peaches were gathered there were nearly a hundred pounds.

'I think that half of the money is for peaches and the other half for my patience,' he said.'

THE WOMEN'S EDITION OF THE 'WITNESS.'

A few of the limericks that have come in about the Women's Edition will interest our readers. For list of prize winners see the famous 'Women's Edition' itself. Published in Montreal on May 15. Those of our 'Messenger' readers who have already sent in their orders will be more than delighted with this special issue.

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In its fight for the right, and exposure of wrong:
Three cheers for the mission
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Our good Montreal women are bound,
To lead all of their sex the world round:
They've resolved to take charge
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In aid of the children's playground.

ALEX. J. GARDNER.
North Georgetown, Que.

Of all the clever papers in the east or in the west,
The Montreal 'Witness' is the greatest and the best;
And its fame will reach a pinnacle ne'er yet attained by men,
When its philanthropic women in May take on the pen.

MISS W. L. HAMILTON.
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Temperance

No Compensation.

A Story More Fact Than Fable.

(The Rev. F. Docker, in the 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

'Mother-like, I soon began to see that young Pearson came for something besides having his drinks. I saw that Annie had evidently fascinated him, and I became very anxious. Of course, I knew no evil against him, neither did I know any good about him, but it seemed hardly likely that a man in his position would look at a girl from behind a bar, only a "barmaid," you know, sir, for his wife, so I spoke to Annie about it, and she laughed her own sweet laugh and kissed me, and said, "Mother, what a silly thing you are; do you think I can't take care of myself? Besides," she said, "You don't know Mr. Pearson, he is such an honorable man."'

'However, it went on, Pearson came more and more to our house, and I heard from somebody that he and Annie had been seen walking together a few miles from home, and I became awfully anxious about my child. So it continued for more than a year, and then one day Annie was missing; she did not come home all night, and next morning we received a telegram from her, from London, telling us not to worry as she had come up to London, and had obtained a situation which would be splendid. Then we had a letter asking our forgiveness for the way she had left home, and explaining that as she knew how grieved I should be, she had done it to save trouble, but that she was well and happy.

'A situation! Oh, Merciful Father! We found out after what that meant. I needn't tell you that Pearson didn't come to our house again. He came up to London very often; but when once we did see him, the liar told me, as boldly as the truth itself, that he did not know what had become of Annie, and that he had had no hand in her going away. He's married now, sir! Yes, married to a lady from good society, and people have forgiven him, or quietly laugh about what he did to Annie, and say he's a smart man. He's even put up for a member of Parliament, and the clergy and the publicans have all supported him, because 'he's their man,' they say. But my Annie! Several years after I found her in London; but I mustn't say any more, sir—only she died, died penitent, and I am sure she has gone to Heaven, and her child died, too—just before its mother. I've cried till I can cry no more; my heart's dry, sir; but I feel I shan't be long before I see my Annie again.

'Then as to Jim, sir; what could you expect? He became a broken old man, with shame and grief. He drank more and more, and neglected the business, and, you see, the attraction had gone—Annie had gone. Things went all wrong, and they turned him out of his situation—almost at a moment. That just killed him, sir. So I gathered what bit I could together, and came up to London to bury my shame, sir.'

As I listened to the conclusion of her story, I asked, 'They gave you no compensation when they turned you out of the house?'

'Compensation! sir, Compensation! No. They couldn't compensate me if they had wanted; could they compensate me for my dear child?'

'It's sad, awfully sad!' I mused as I listened to the closing sentence of the widow's story.

'But, Mrs. Wilson,' I said, 'you shall not want for a friend as long as you live.' Her silent tears of gratitude was her only answer.

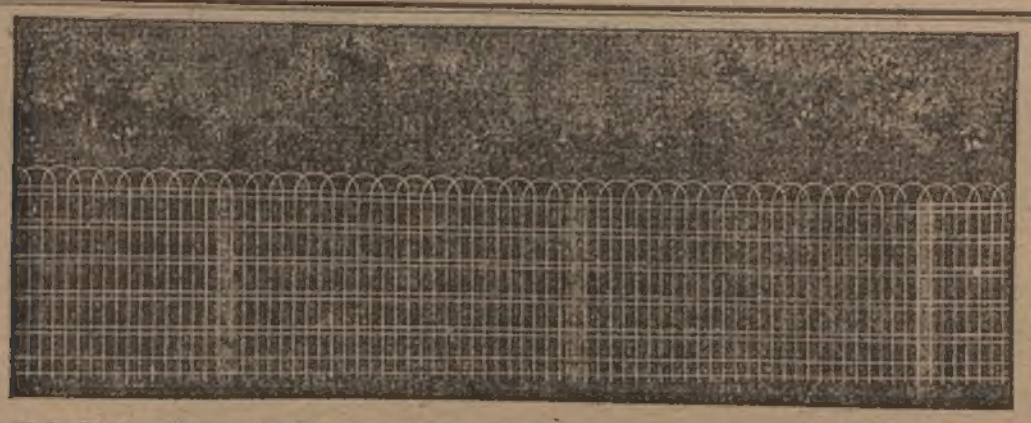
'And these are the men,' I reflected, 'who are screaming, like injured innocents, for compensation; the men, who, to satisfy their own insatiable greed, treat their managers, often enough, like dogs, and give a short shrift, in case of dismissal, the men who are making widows and orphans, filling our gaols, and workhouses, and lunatic asylums, and corrupting the political, social, and even religious life of the nation. Let them compensate their own wretched victims, like Mrs. Wilson and her child, before they ask compensation of the nation. If there is such a thing as justice in the universe, surely they will get compensation enough some day.'

'Melican Heathen.'

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our Western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door, he was asked, 'Do you drink whiskey?' 'No,' said he; 'I Clistian man.' 'Do you play cards?' 'No; I Clistian man.' He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well; was honest, upright, correct, and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a 'progressive euchre' party, and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work. 'Why, what is the matter?' she inquired. John answered, 'I Clistian man; I tole you so before, no heathen! No workee for Melican Heathen!' The poor Chinaman urged his case, got his money, and left to seek a mistress whom he could serve without disobedience to God. The woman was astonished, and it is hoped may become a better woman and Christian. The poor heathen can see the inconsistencies of professed Christians.—New York 'Christian Advocate.'

Wellington and Wolseley.

The late Duke of Wellington once said he was 'convinced that if a system of temperance could be generally established in the army, it would be greatly for the advantage of the discipline and efficiency of the troops.' During the Peninsular war, the Duke heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march, and fearing more for his men from barrels of wine than batteries of cannon, he instantly dispatched a body of men to knock every wine barrel on the head. Lord Wolseley says: 'Our men enjoyed splendid health in the Soudan, and this is due to the fact that from the time they entered the Soudan until they quitted it they were not supplied with spirits.'



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Wait Till the End.

(Sarah Tytler, in the 'Christian Age.')

PART I.

The Sin and the Forgiveness.

(Continued.)

'The poor goose will take them into her arms presently,' Mrs. Leader, who had never received any serious injury, or had to cancel a grave offence, said to herself with satirical disdain.

She was not greatly mistaken. The repentant prodigals were invited to spend their midsummer holidays at Chelsea, that the unwelcome bride might be introduced to her husband's relations. 'It will save them the expense of sea-side lodgings, poor dears,' Mrs. Dixon was so lost to all proper feeling of resentment as to observe unblushingly.

The result was a foregone conclusion. Mrs. Dixon wrote ecstatically to Mrs. Leader, that she, Mrs. Dixon could not resist telling Mrs. Leader that they were all enchanted with Augusta—such a fine creature—looked so young, with her good figure and pleasant face, so sincerely attached to dear Harry, made him so happy, managed so cleverly on their small income. If she had not brought a fortune with her, she was a fortune in herself.

'And what do you think of your mother-in-law?' Mrs. Leader inquired curiously of her quondam friend and music-mistress.

Augusta Dixon hung her head, the tears sprang to her grey eyes. 'I think she is the dearest, most generous, unselfish woman that ever existed. I wonder how Horace could ever have found it in his heart to vex her.'

PART II.

The Storm and the Refuge.

On a bleak morning, early in March, when few people who could stay at home ventured abroad, an elderly man, with a military car-

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riage and thin white hair stirred by the searching wind, took his way along the Thames Embankment in the direction of Westminster. He looked neither to right nor to left, and his bright eyes, with a suspicion of wildness in them, did not seem to see what was before them, neither the river, with its early morning barges, nor the straggling wayfarers. His step was uncertain in its tread, but the most distant suspicion of intoxication was forbidden by the wholesomeness of the clear-cut face, even in the deadly pallor which struggled with the bronze of the complexion, and showed through it in the ashen-grey hue of a stricken man. A few of the passers-by remarked something out of the common, they could not tell what, in the old man's bearing, and looked inquiringly after him.

At last an astonished acquaintance stopped him when he would have passed on unseeing, like one who walks in his sleep, and insisted on the interchange of customary greetings. 'Hullo! Dixon, where are you off to so fast In this weather. What about your rheumatism?'

'How do you do, Abdy!' answered the man addressed, pulling himself up by an effort. Then he darted to the heart of his trouble. 'Have you heard of the failure of the Travendrum Bank? My money is in it. What is more, I am a shareholder; I'm ruined to the door.'

'Bless my soul! you don't say so? I'm awfully sorry,' stammered the listener standing aghast, for he had been reading in the morning paper the disastrous failure of the Indian bank, and was aware it was a bad business. 'Still, my dear fellow, there are the assets to be realised.' He tried to conjure up some crumb of comfort.

'Never,' said Captain Dixon, with his set face. 'I've sown the wind only that my wife and daughter may reap the whirlwind. There has been some infernal swindling, which

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an old idiot of a soldier could not see through. You'll excuse strong language this morning, Abdy,' with a wan, wintry smile.

'Excuse! man. I would excuse anything and anybody but these rascally speculators! Where are you bound for, may I ask?' with an uneasy sense that Dixon was not in circumstances or in a condition to be left alone.

'Where many more will be going one of these days, if they have not yet got the start of me. I am not worse off than my neighbors, not by a long chalk,' said Dixon, with a gallant effort to pull himself together. 'My boy and girl can do for themselves; my liver does not trouble me to speak of; I'm a month or two off seventy; I can still keep a station or a toll, or whatever I can get to maintain a roof over my wife's head and my own; we ain't hard to put up. Ah! Where am I going? Straight to a man of business, to ask him to find a new tenant for my house, and to put up my furniture for sale.'

In the old-fashioned house, very homelike in its modest pleasantness, in one of the old-fashioned Chelsea side streets, poor Mrs. Dixon did not sit idle in her desolation—she was trying, through a blinding mist of unshed tears, to make out a list of such articles as the family would require anywhere, to be reserved or bought back from the sale. She was practically alone, since Madge was away on a visit, and had not heard what had befallen them. No superfluity or luxury which would fetch money to pay their debts could be taken Mrs. Dixon was explaining to herself—not her silver tea-pot, though it had been her mother's gift, nor the gilt timepiece, which had been a present to the Captain from his non-commissioned officers on his taking leave of the regiment.

(To be continued.)

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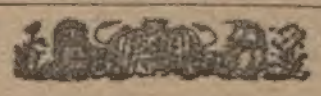

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

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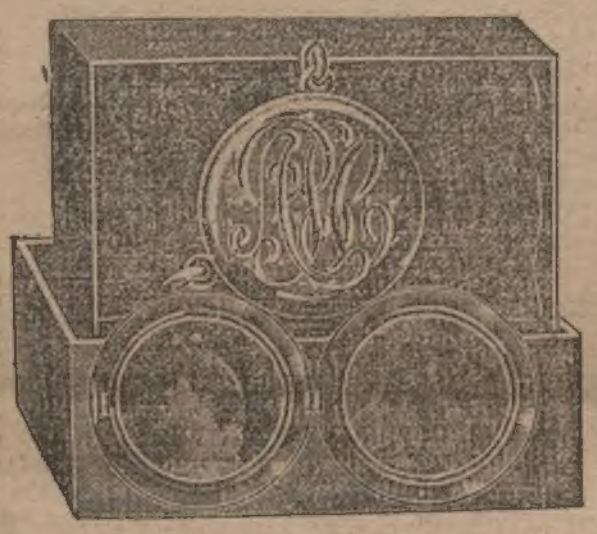

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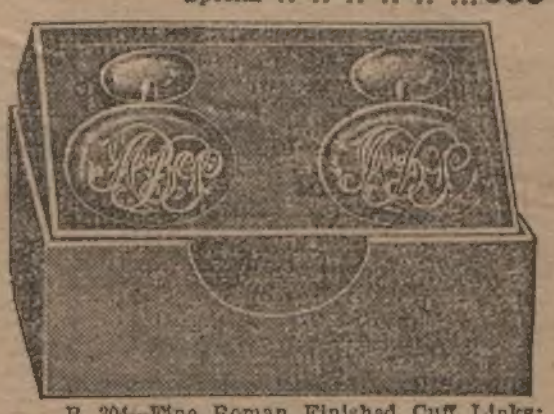

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